

Fifteen by **luxuriousvoyage11**

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Fifteen

After a long night of planning a campaign, Mike let out a yawn and looked over at the couch to make sure his girlfriend was still sleeping. They were fifteen now and that's when Mike decided it was time to make things official with El, his fifteenth birthday to be exact. He had asked her outside while everyone was eating the chocolate cake his mother made. Reminiscing with a small smile, he thinks back to that night six months ago.

"Hey El, can you, uh, can you come outside with me?" he questioned, softly. Nodding her head with a small smile, she got up from her place at the table and walked outside with the tall, freckle-faced boy. They sat on the last step leading to the grassy backyard, enjoying the peace and quiet in the crisp December air.

After a few seconds, El looked up at him with her big brown eyes, "are you okay Mike?" "What? Oh yes, I'm okay El. Really okay actually. I just...I just wanted to ask you something." Looking up at him expectantly, she gives him a small nod. Trying to process his thoughts quickly, he bites his lip and rushes out, "did you like the cake?" El's eyebrows pull together in confusion and she lets out a short, awkward giggle. "That's...that's what you wanted to ask me? Outside?"

Putting his head in his hands, he lets out a sigh and shakes his head. El places her hand lightly on his shoulder, causing him to drop his hands and look at her. Something in her eyes told him she knew. She knew why he really brought her out here. She knew he was really trying, but failing miserably, to articulate what he's been trying to ask her since the first week he met her.

"El, will you be my girlfriend?" he blurts out, cheeks red from embarrassment and the cold. The big smile and light in her eyes he sees the second the words leave his mouth makes him wanna kick himself for not asking her years ago. She nods eagerly, giggling at his expense and lets out a "yes!" Boldly, El leans in and places her red lips on Mike's cold ones feeling his hands cup her cheeks as he immediately kisses back.

They had shared a few kisses up until that point. Three, four if you include the quick and impulsive cafeteria kiss when they were twelve. This one, however, was different from all the rest; it felt softer, sweeter. Mike pulled away and looked into his girlfriend's brown eyes, letting out a laugh and kissing her on the cheek.

They sat on the steps for a few more minutes, El's head resting on his shoulder with his arm wrapped around her, looking out at the stars with the occasional loud laugh heard from inside. Just before they decided to go back and join the party, the brown-haired girl, whose wavy curls now reached her shoulder, whispered in Mike's ear, "by the way, the cake was delicious."

Laughing at the memory, he put away his notebook and pen and changed into gray sweatpants and a black t-shirt. While finishing up in the bathroom, he heard what sounded like a whimper. Stepping out into the doorway, he tried to peer over to the couch in the dark basement when he heard "Mike."

Rushing over to the other side of the room, he knelt down to see a sleeping El stirring in her sleep. Running his hand lightly through her hair, he leaned over to whisper in her ear, "wake up El, it's okay." The street lamp suddenly turned on outside, casting a dim light on the girl's face whose eyes suddenly opened wide.

Giving her a small smile, he asked, "You all right, babe?" He never thought a cheesy pet name would leave his mouth but every time he used one, a blush came across El's face and he relished in the fact that he was the one to put it there.

Nodding her head, she tried to distract herself from the odd almost-nightmare. "I didn't mean to fall asleep," she said while stretching her arms over her head.

"Yeah, I'm sorry," Mike apologized, "I didn't mean to plan for that long. All my best ideas come late at night." Shrugging her shoulders, she sat up causing him to stand up and hold out his hand for her. "Ready to go to bed? We haven't slept in the fort in a while."

Tiredly, she grabbed his hand, buried her head in his chest, and nodded against it. Mike had grown tall for his young teenaged self, a

towering 5'8 in comparison to El barely reaching 5'0. El loved their height difference, though, feeling safe and warm in the arms of her lanky boyfriend. Placing his lips on her head, they stayed in that position for a few minutes slightly rocking back and forth.

"C'mon El, I set everything up," he mumbled against her head. Begrudgingly, she pulled away from his embrace and walked the few feet to the fort they have expanded over the years. Laying down, she went under the covers and waited while Mike quickly followed and placed his head on the pillow.

Scooting over, she rests her head on Mike's chest while he put his arm around her shoulder. On the rare occasion that they slept together, this was always the position. Mike preferred sleeping with El, knowing full well she was safe right beside him. As he placed a kiss on her head, El looked up and leaned her chin on his chest staring up at him.

"I love you," El stated simply, "I just wanted to tell you before we go to sleep." Had the light not been cast from the lamp outside, she would've missed his shocked, wide-eyed expression. Smirking, she lifted her eyebrows playfully and continued to look at him with her big brown eyes.

They had never exchanged those words before, though they both knew their feelings for one another were those of utmost adoration. He hadn't expected her to be the first to say it nor for her to say it at this time, but he was overjoyed at the fact that she did.

"I....I love you too El," he says seconds after his initial shock. "I love you." With a giggle, she places her head back on his chest and closes her eyes while snuggling into him. Running his fingers through her hair, a big smile stayed on his face until sleep finally overcame him.